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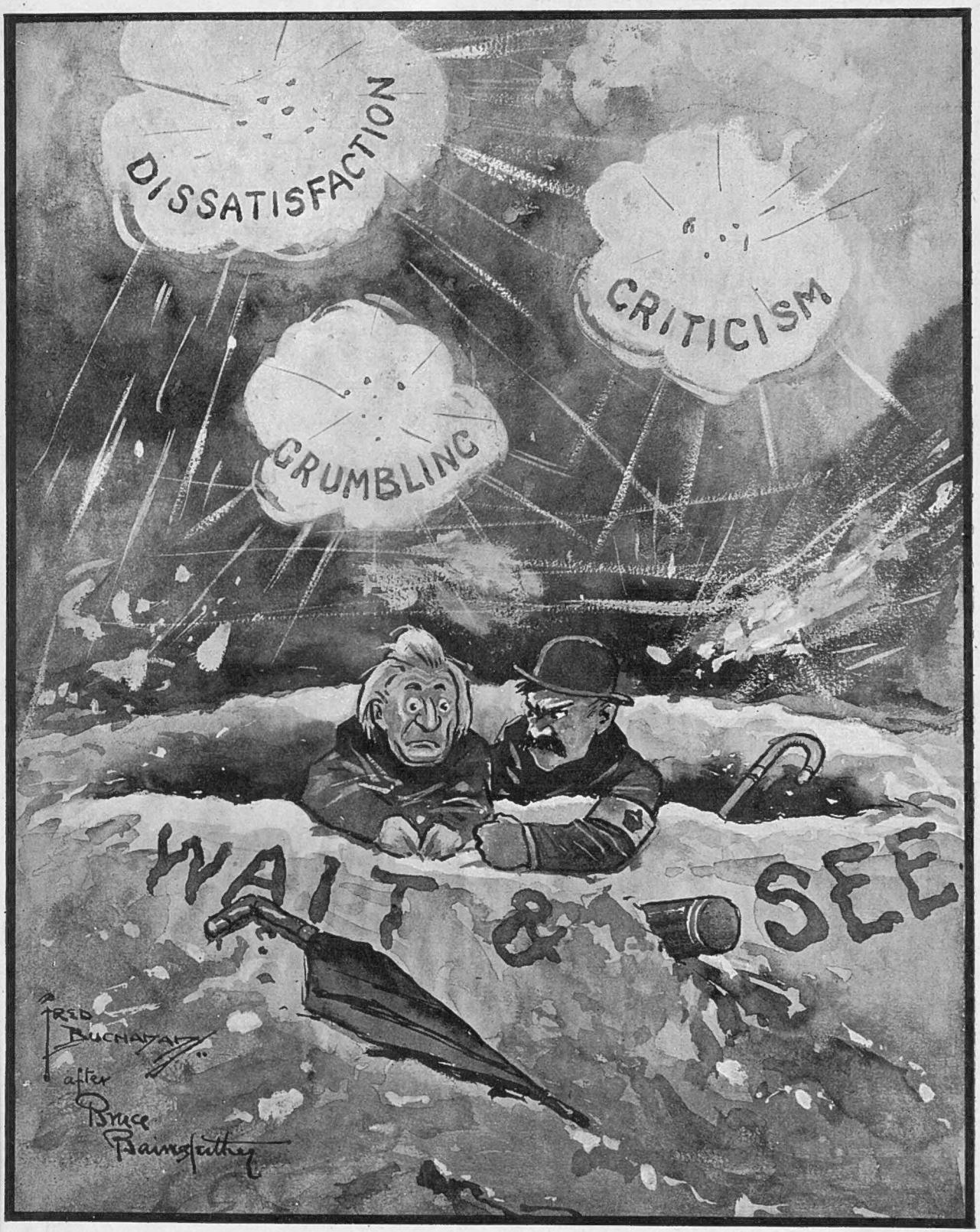
The Bystander, April 19, 1916.—No. 646. Vol. L

The BYSTANDER



THE ATTESTED MAN: "Well, if you don't know a better 'ole than this—I'm goin' to show you one"

(With apologies to Captain Bruce Bairnsfather)

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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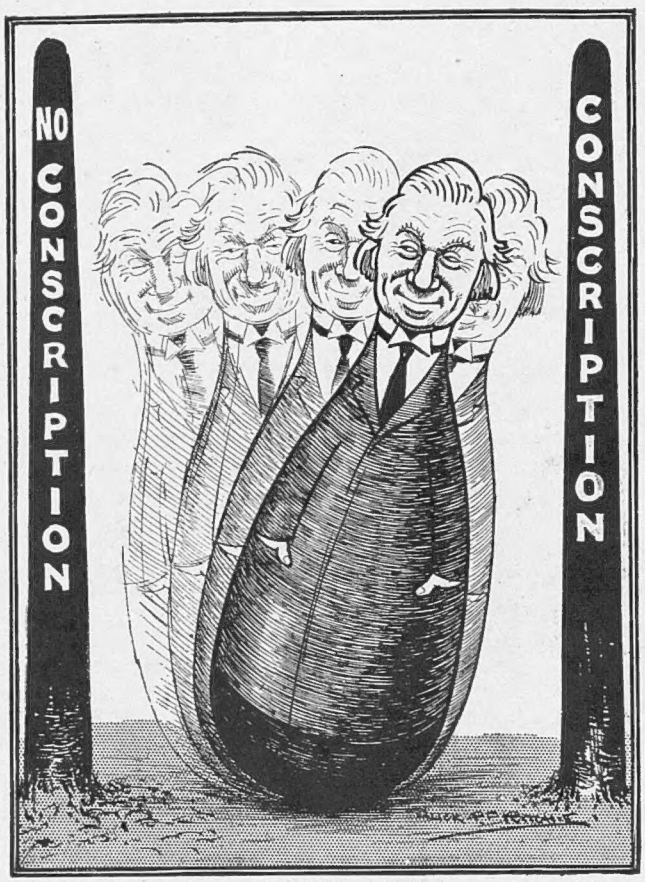
1.—No Possible Doubt Whatever.
2.—I'm sure they'll hear this thing squeaking.
3.—A Maxim Maxim.
4.—The Professional Instinct Again.
5.—That Evening Star-Shell.
6.—Where did that one go?

APPLY, THE PUBLISHER, "THE BYSTANDER," TALLIS HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.
OR THE "GRAPHIC" GALLERY, 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Our Temperance Cartoon

OUR famous—or, as Sir F. E. Smith would have it, infamous—cartoon, "Reported Missing," is still pursuing its glorious or inglorious career. We paid £200 to a Mansion House (Police Court) Fund because the authorities considered it injurious to the Army; a recruiting office in the Strand displayed it as a poster because they thought it would attract recruits; now a private stationed at Windsor tells us it is being used there as a temperance poster (!), "and has been instrumental in obtaining several pledges." At this rate it will end by causing the abdication of the Kaiser, and winning the war. Then . . . But we anticipate.



"WOBBLE, WOBBLE, WOBBLE!"

Training To Do——

MEANWHILE, and without prejudice to the next development (we throw off legal phraseology with our lightest words in THE BYSTANDER Office just now, so enormous is our caution, so familiar to us the atmosphere of the courts. Indeed, on the lines of the coaching which conscientious objectors are said to undergo before presenting themselves at tribunals, we are running a little class every day in witness-box department. One member of the staff as opposing counsel lashes himself into astounding fury, another, in the box, sweats blood.)

—Our Bit

TO resume. Meanwhile, and without prejudice to the next development of these surprising activities of our cartoon, so far as we can figure it out at present we have been fined for adding several recruits to the British Army and several others to the Blue Riband Army. Clearly our own particular "bit" in the war is to do good by stealth and blush to find it shame.

Press-ure and Premier

DO not be surprised if Mr. Asquith refuses to respond to pressure (Press-ure, they spell it in Downing Street) and does not introduce "compulsion for all." On the other hand, the unfortunate legal kink in our mind referred to above compels us for a while never to commit ourselves to anything, and so to add don't be surprised if he does. Never be surprised, for that matter, at anything the Premier may do—*may* do. Reserve yourself for the shock of amazement if he ever pulls himself together and does it.

The Three M.'s

BUT don't be surprised if against "Compulsion for All" Mr. Asquith sits tight. Don't be surprised if at the Council of Paris it was represented to our Allies, and cordially agreed to by them, that of the three essential M.'s—Men, Money, and Munitions—we have gone about as far with the first as we can safely go without interfering with our vitally important flow of the second and third. The bird that lays the golden eggs, shells and all, sat on the British side of the Paris Council table; and the Allies, unlike the hotheads of the compulsion Press-ure party, are not such fools as to seek to kill it for the sake of its claws alone. If Mr. Asquith can screw himself up to the point of making his present Military Service Act pull in all the men of which it is capable he will probably have gone as far as he ought to go—an unusually long journey for him, whatever it is.

Budget Blunders

TO the by no means wild lengths even of the Budget, for example, the Premier has found it impossible to proceed. It happens that I live far enough out of Town to have been affected by the dropped railway ticket tax on my daily journey to the Law Courts or THE BYSTANDER Office, so I need not be accused of supporting what never mattered to me when I say that the dropping of the tax was a scandal. A scandal because whether the tax was right or wrong, good or bad, has nothing to do with my point—which is this: If the tax was dropped on good and sufficient grounds it ought never to have been introduced; if it was dropped responsive to the usual agitation from

(Continued on page 100)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 99)

the usual quarter, it is another reason for the far-too-old stagers of the Cabinet being dropped out of it.

⁂ ⁂

Till All's (Prussian) Blue

THEY have been in the business long enough, goodness knows, to produce Budgets without having valuable war-time of the House wasted by getting the Commons to lick their proposals into shape or kick them out of shape. That should be the nation's quarrel with this kind of business—the ignorance of bringing it in when it ought not to have been brought in, or the weakness of dropping it when it ought to have been stuck to. If I put into my paper something that publication proves should not have been there, I am with great promptness accommodated with a complete judicial machine in one of our Halls of Justice and made to pay for it. If Ministers blunder till all is blue—Prussian Blue, if they stay long enough—they merely go on drawing their salaries as usual.

⁂ ⁂

The Ginger Nuts

SO the leaders-elect of the "ginger nuts" (*i.e.*, the Unionist War Committee) are Lord Milner and Sir Edward Carson. I hope they will be found gingery enough, but—I hae ma doots. King Carson has to "ginger-up," among others, the former heir-apparent to the Ulster Throne—H.R.H. Prince Frederick Edward of Smith (K.C., M.P.), to say nothing of his own former leader, Mr. Bonar Law. As to Lord Milner—well, a President of the National Service League who takes twenty months of war to demand National Service isn't exactly a dare-devil, however excellent his other qualities.

⁂ ⁂

For This Relief, Much Thanks

LORD MONTAGU has definitely decided that the decision of the war will be taken in the air and under the seas. That's better than having it taken under the table, as some people have lately been proposing.

⁂ ⁂

De Mortuis, Etc.

A DAILY illustrated paper heads its obituary of Lord Clanricarde "MOST UNPOPULAR MAN IN IRELAND." Might we suggest that the advantages of the political truce be extended to the dead?

⁂ ⁂

More Insults

NO, I am *not* a single man in a starred industry; but if I were I should be very offended with the Ministers and editors who talked of "combing out" myself and my kind as though for all the world I were a species of flea or bug. When the time comes somebody must issue a glossary of the names by which possible recruits for H.M. Army have been called, and when it is out, we shall be wondering whether Conscription by contempt is better than the old kind. Then a man was usually flattered and bribed into the service of his King—even if the bribe sometimes took the form of a bottle of —— rum. (Show the policeman in, please!)

⁂ ⁂

Who Are the Balts?

I CANNOT understand why so little attention was drawn to the most significant remark in the speech of the German Chancellor—that in which he referred to Poles, Letts, and —Balts. Who in the name of Hollweg are the Balts? The Poles and Letts we know; also the Croats; the Lapps are old friends, and we all know and love the dear old Finns, and Wends, and Czechs, and Ghegs, and Tosks. But we boggle at the Balts. We decline to believe any such people exist, and we say in all seriousness that the Chancellor has deliberately invented them in order to introduce a new complication. He wants to distract attention from the Serbs and Belgians by raising the counter-cry, "What price the Balts?" he well knowing that no such persons exist, or could, or should, exist.

⁂ ⁂

Preposterous!

I KNOW there is a sea called the Baltic. But that doesn't involve the existence of a people called the Balts any more than a sea called the Arctic involves the existence of people called Arcts, or the Bay of Biscay people called Biscs. I am glad to be the only journalist in London to have exposed this German

"DO NOT TRUST HIM GENTLE MAIDEN, THO' HIS VOICE BE SOFT AND LOW"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

The Everlasting Stain of Wittenberg

MACBETH (with apologies to that comparatively philanthropic individual): "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from our hand? No, this our hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine making the green one red."—MACBETH, Act II., Scene 2

attempt to thrust a new and non-existent nationality on an already over-populated Europe. The Balts indeed!

⁂ ⁂

The New Entanglement

So the Premier has given another Pledge!—to release the Married Men Who Attested by Misrepresentation. Really, Mr. Asquith is a rash man! I predict that the number of claims, valid or invalid, under this head will exceed all other kinds of claim, that the C.O.'s will be a negligible minority compared with the M.M.A.M.'s.

⁂ ⁂

SUGGESTED new name for shirkers in reserved occupations: the Star Spangled Badgers.

⁂ ⁂

QUESTION of the week: "Did the *Sussex* torpedo herself?"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *April* 17, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

EASTER in England in war-time—well, it's very much like Easter in peace-time, you know, judging by the last. Crowds everywhere, the open places a mass of pleasure-seekers—wandering rather aimlessly about in search of it, I must say, and not always very obviously finding it—and the more retiring souls more retired than ever by reason of the general must-enjoy-ourselves atmosphere. Somehow Easter in England isn't exactly a *graceful* holiday.

⁂ ⁂

OF course, really it's just the festival of spring, isn't it? Just about Eastertime spring has a way of arriving suddenly, coming, as I've just read in a charming new book, "The Chorus," by one appropriately named Sylvia, "with a flood of blossoms, a crystal bowl brimming with beauty, the tall trees caught in a net of palest green swaying over a carpet of primroses." Little wonder, is it, that it should go even to our stodgy English heads?

⁂ ⁂

BUT it's the only place, all the same—England, when April's here. And I wonder how many thousands of our men, exiled in deserts and other horrid places, would give their bottom dollar for just a week of it. Though, of course, from this War Easter there will be a few things lacking that used to be much in evidence. Liquid nourishment for one. . . . Mr. Lloyd George has curtailed sadly the Englishmen's immemorial privilege of wearing vine-leaves in his hair when he makes holiday.

⁂ ⁂

AND then motor-cars. The first spring holiday used to see them out by the million, the thousand-guinea automobile *de luxe* abreast with the very last word in motor-bikes *plus* flappers. But since the Budget, joy-rides are off, I'm afraid, even on holidays, except, I suppose, for the war profit-makers, who, I'm told, are "booking" positively in their billions at the seaside hotels and places. They're quite a new class in themselves, you know.

⁂ ⁂

AS for me, I hope to spend my Easter in a garden, D.V., W.P., of course. And as for occupation—well, with all this talk about a match famine, it looks as if we ought to spend it making spills, a job, I'm told, was considered most womanly in my grandmother's day. Anyway, an idiot could do it, and a blind and deaf and dumb one that

"And as for occupation—well, with all this talk about a match famine, it looks as if we ought to spend Easter making spills"

—just folding bits of paper into strips and putting them on the mantelpiece. With this wonderful contrivance man lights, or anyway, lit his pipe (or was it a cigar in those days?), and woman, useful creature, set the lamp or gas-jet going.

⁂ ⁂

ELECTRICITY having superseded the gas and the lamp, I suppose we'll have to light our cigarettes with them—must do something with the things. But—well, they did get nice easy jobs, our grandmothers, didn't they?

⁂ ⁂

TALKING of the Victorians, now we've returned to the frocks of the swooning period we shall have to cultivate the customs of the time, shan't we? No more sitting about on the floor wrapped in a yard of pink *tulle* and displaying to all and sundry miles of black silk stocking. Smelling salts will return to fashion—I've often noticed, haven't you, what stupid women use smelling-salts, suppose they sniff away their brains?—and whenever we're bored or cross or want a change of scene we shall simply protest we have the vapours, whereupon every man "worthy of the name of man" will know that it's up to him to receive our fainting forms within the shelter of his strong right arm. M'ps.

⁂ ⁂

DON'T suppose they'll mind, but—will their physique stand it, some of them? Won't it be trying their holding powers rather high, too much strain on the heart, and that sort of thing? The modern maiden's no mere puff of fluff, but a good and

(Continued on page 104)

"The modern maiden's no mere puff of fluff, but a good and hefty human being, much more often twenty-six than sixteen round the waist"

To Help Serbia

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

LADY GREVILLE

Who is just now engaged in arranging a matinée, to be given in aid of the Serbian Relief Fund, at Drury Lane Theatre on May 9, when a number of well-known Society people, as well as many distinguished members of the theatrical profession, will take part in the entertainment

hefty human being, much more often twenty-six than sixteen round the waist.

❀ ❀

AND necessary, too, these days, when there aren't any men to do anything. A sixteen-inch waist would be a handicap at a man's job, wouldn't it? And nowadays, when it's not indecent to feel hungry even if you *are* a woman, what a trial! Fancy having to let out a hole or two in your equivalent to a Sam Browne same as mere greedy, comfort-loving man does, and, oh! how dreadful, too, to return to that perpetual consciousness of appearance and clothes, which is now strictly reserved for the lady from Suburbia who wears her glad rags only for "company" or "going up to town in."

"Every man 'worthy of the name of man' will know that it's up to him to receive our fainting forms within the shelter of his strong right arm"

PLENTY of "going up town" now, too. You'd really never think there was a war on, 'specially in the big (and small) restaurants, where the waiters and people think they're doing quite badly if there aren't a string of people imploring them *please* to let them have a table soon. This week there's the burning question of getting men and getting them in time, and no small amount of anxiety, too, about our forces in Mesopotamia, and last week there was that awful story from Wittenberg, yet another monument to the heroism of our men and the inhuman cruelty of our enemy.

❀ ❀

BUT if we felt worried or indignant or anxious, less than ever did we show it. Splendid bookings, I'm told, for the new opera season. The Craven meeting at Newmarket crowded and cheerful, and lots of new musical plays and things, and smart charity affairs simply in stacks, and a Carnation Show as usual. Several war weddings and dozens of engagements. We don't wear our hearts exactly on our sleeves, do we? Some people seem to think perhaps it would be better if we did, in war-time, anyway.

❀ ❀

TALKING of hearts, here's more from the gunner-man who, whatever his faults—and I suppose he must have *some*—can't be said to err on the side of anything so dull as restraint, can he?

Darling girl, I consider my clan is disgraced,
To ask you to breakfast is *very* barefaced.
But I'm coming on leave, dear, and when you meet me
You'll be booked for *all* meals, Blanche, lunch, dinner, and tea.

❀ ❀

REALLY, sometimes I think I can't have known what poetry was before I started writing letters to my cousin in the Colonies. Or, rather, what poetry could be. You see, I'd only read—well, Keats and Shelley and Byron and Swinburne and people. And *none* of them wore khaki, poor things, did they?

❀ ❀

BY the way, many protests from cavalrymen about the man in Salonica who talked about the cavalry "going home once a month as regular as clockwork and doing absolutely nothing in between." "May I make you an offer," writes a gay Hussar. "If you can persuade the gallant Ginger of Salonica to get his pal in the cavalry to send me his secret for getting leave every month, I will lay at your feet a dozen pairs of silk stockings, gloves, or any other article of feminine attire, as a small token of my admiration. Furthermore, it would give me the greatest pleasure to accompany you *monthly* to the best possible dinner at the Carlton, followed by a box at any theatre, as well as supper anywhere you please."

❀ ❀

A SPORTING offer, anyway. And stockings in dozens aren't to be sneezed at these war days. Another Hussar writes to say once in three months is more like it, and tells me all about how "the cavalry took the place of an infantry division in a none-too-quiet bit of the line for six weeks during January and February, and the casualty lists speak for themselves." He says the cavalry feel these imputations keenly—but why? Of course it was only a little joke, and we all know they've done as splendidly as anyone whenever they got the chance. But even once in three months is better than never any at all, which is what it is in some places, isn't it?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

"Der Tag" at Last!

Joy of the crew of a British Light Cruiser on finding that they really are going into action

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER, R.N.V.R.

New Types the War Will Give Us

II.—THE SOLDIER-CITIZEN

BEFORE this war is over, one half of our manhood and perhaps most, will have been trained to arms. A miracle has happened in our national life. Men who spent half their days in the darkness of the pits have been given a new work in the light of day; men who toiled in factory, workshop, or office have been released from a cramped and breathless existence and marched into the open. For all of them the new rule of life is the pursuit of health, strength, and endurance. Erectness of bearing instead of bowed shoulders; a godlike power in the limbs instead of weakness and lassitude—these are the gifts of war to our people. Half the nation has been given a prolonged industrial holiday, and if for some death and wounds are to be their portion, for the great majority a vastly improved physique will be theirs for the rest of their days.

BUT other things will be added to them. Just as clean hands are a test of decency, strength and bronzed faces will become a national ideal. Athleticism among the crowd had largely passed from us. We still admired suppleness, but looked for it in others. Our healthy men became professionals, and only proved their prowess in exchange for gate-money. But when this war is over we shall be a nation of strong men, and the lads who are coming on will see to it that they are strong men too. We must no longer play games by proxy. "Keep fit" might well be the Empire motto.

BUT what will the effect of training be on the individuality and on the mental qualities of the returning soldier? In his old civilian life he acted singly. While in khaki he has been taught to work collectively. In war he looked to his comrades and they to him. It was not every man for himself, but it was the full strength of the platoon for the job. We may expect the same concerted action in peace. Again, in the old days when trouble came it was a toss-up on personal character whether any single man made a fight for it or not. In the Army, everyone is taught that a fight must be made for it all the time. Fighting with the soldier-civilian will now be a habit. He knows that it is only fighting that brings victory and honour.

WHAT part is Discipline likely to play in our social life of the future? After all, Discipline is merely a method of organisation; it secures individual obedience so that a group of individuals may act harmoniously. Without Discipline an army would be a rabble. But Discipline (in other words "system") is every whit as vital to the State in peace as it is to an army in the field. And we have never had it, or anything like it, in any effective sense. It was not possible to have it because we were untrained to it. Discipline is the first principle in the science of organisation, and we knew nothing about it. But we do now. Half our manhood has been grandly "disciplined," and they realise its value. They did not like it at first, perhaps, but they got used to it, and it became a mere habit. We shall not like it either at the start, but we shall get used to it and grow strong on it.

WE will not stand "dragooning," of course, and we do not intend to be plagued by officials. But we must have "system," and we must as individuals fall into line with the common good. The chaos of our pre-war period must be replaced by social and industrial system and order. The Empire, with its great debt and heavy taxation, will call for an intense and sustained effort of productive activity. This must be scientifically organised and scientifically controlled. Manufacturers must only make those goods which are authorised. No power must be lost either by the waste production of luxuries or through over-lapping. And every individual, whatever his rank or wealth, must play a worthy part. There must be no "passengers," no industrial or citizen slackers. The powers that called us to battle for the State will call us to work for the State. For years and years to come—I for one believe for all time—we shall be a nation under orders. With us in the past Individualism ran mad. It gave us disgraceful inequalities and intolerable wrongs. And it was infamously wasteful.

DO not whimper of the tyranny of Force. Our soldiers know all about Force. Wars and every other conflict are won by personal qualities alone. Brute Force is always futile in the end. It will be so, too, in our coming social upheaval. The Force there will be inspired by righteous ideals and sustained by personal character and devotion. We will surrender license in order to win freedom.

AND we may be sure that in future there will be infinitely more "character" in our governance than ever in the past. Men who have faced the supreme tragedy of death in life will not allow the machine of big things (and that is what Government should be) to creak over childish trivialities. Men who have looked into Hell and made an end of it, will no longer allow removable pain, want, waste, and other social wrongs to befoul our world. Both faltering indecision and cowardly compromise will find short shrift. "Get-there-if-you-can-even-if-it-means-death," that is the spirit in which the war will have been won. Our men will not leave that spirit behind them with the dead. They will bring it to quicken our living. The demand will be for men who mean, and for measures that are adequate and decisive. We had fallen on effeminacy and futility.

WE are on the eve of vast changes, and they must all be personal. To the selfish they will be loathsome, but to all who really love their fellow-men they will be rare and precious above all else. And they will be the crowning gift to their country of our dear brave lads who went forth and offered themselves to Death and returned with a new life for us in their hands.

"FORRARD ON"

An All-Khaki Hunt

LAST MEET OF THE SEASON OF THE ERIDGE FOX-HOUNDS

THE FIELD CANTERING THROUGH ERIDGE PARK

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE MASTER, LORD HENRY NEVILL (in the centre), LEADS THE FIELD ALONG THE TUNBRIDGE WELLS ROAD TO THE FIRST COVERT IN THE PARK

At the last meet of the season of the Eridge Fox-hounds at Eridge Green, khaki was, as is usual with most hunts nowadays, almost the only wear. Stress has been laid upon the importance of keeping the hunts alive, so that the hunting men who are fighting may return to their favourite recreation after the war, and the view has been amply justified by the support which the hunts have received from officers on leave or invalided

"Somewhere in Flanders"

ON THE TRAIL. BY "JACK JOHNSON"

My Dear Bystander—

I have got some friends who can make people tremble like an aspen by little more than looking at them. No, they are not Huns, but very respectable church-going gentlemen, and—so I hear from one who knew them in times of peace—peculiarly docile and inoffensive in the home circle. To bring about the aspen effect mentioned above their procedure is to approach their victim briskly, and peer deep into his eyes as if to probe the secrets of his soul, what time they extract a soiled bit of white pasteboard from the pocket and hiss out the one word *Sûreté*

⁂ ⁂

It is perfectly fascinating to observe the quarry "come all over alike," as the saying is, to note the veins in his forehead stand out like corded knots—I mean knotted cords, to see him blanch (or blench) to the very lips and reel about sideways like a sunstruck pullet. These symptoms are encouraging from a professional point of view. Of course, in ninety times out of a hundred a man or woman will blench (or blanch) out of sheer nervousness, anger, or surprise when hissed at unexpectedly by a perfect stranger—I always do myself when accused of misappropriating trust funds, or of arson, offences of which I may be entirely innocent.

⁂ ⁂

I am sorry to say my friends have got the *déclaration* fever in an aggravated form. It is telling on them quite a lot. To the lay mind there would not appear to be much of significance in a *déclaration* to the effect that "I remember some months ago seeing *le nommé* Vanderheegsluys, Jean Baptiste, pass me on the other side of the road. He was smoking a cigarette at the time, and appeared to be enjoying excellent health," yet, as Mr. William le Queux will bear me out, upon statements such as these depend the fate of empires.

⁂ ⁂

My friends and I go about the country looking for clues. We are awfully keen, but clues are scarce. Snags, on the other hand, are as plentiful as rats in a trench. Going about looking for clues is splendid exercise and all that, but what one especially likes to act on, what fills the heart with gladness, is (as they say at Scotland Yard) "information received."

⁂ ⁂

Once you have some "information received," then all the tedious spade-work of research, all the idle speculation, vanishes at once like mist upon the mountains; you are right on the bull's-eye from the start. It has a most stimulating effect upon the system.

⁂ ⁂

Somebody calls round one morning and tells you in a bated whisper that he thinks you ought to know that the man who keeps the *estaminet* opposite the station is not a Frenchman at all, but nothing less than a pure-blooded German! He knows it for a cert. Your informant goes on to say that he doesn't want any thanks for bringing the fact to your notice; he is only doing his duty, and he can't sleep at night for worrying. Just think! You might have gone sleuthing on for years and never have discovered it!

⁂ ⁂

A week flits by. By this time you have cross-examined the man seventeen times, searched him, shadowed him, ransacked the house from attic to cellar, cautioned him, searched him again, ransacked the house from cellar to attic, threatened him, flogged him, pleaded with him, knocked him down and gnashed your teeth at him, and then you establish the fact beyond a doubt that the man is a Frenchman to the backbone, as honest a fellow as ever breathed, and it seems he owes the other chap ten francs or else there was a little domestic trouble about a lady at the end of last September. It is awfully disconcerting. In a dazed condition you caution the man severely as to his future behaviour, express formal regret for inconvenience caused (if any), and withdraw from the premises with as much dignity as you can summon, meditating sorrowfully on the perversity of human nature and echoing the poet's lament that—

"Man's state implies a necessary curse;
When not himself he's mad; when most himself he's worse."

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

CUCKOO!

THE SENTIMENTAL ONE: "Oh, sweet 'arbinger of Spring, what 'opes are awakened by thy dulcet notes!"

By Second-Lieut. C. E. B. Bernard

"MORE FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Letting Himself Down

Having omitted to remove the elastic band prior to descent, Herr Franz von Flopp feels that the trial exhibition of his new parachute is a failure

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—ED.]

BELLICOSITIES

FOR THE DEFENCE

"Your hospital ship," the Pirate whines,
"Was certainly sunk by English mines.
High in the rigging a gun was seen
Which fired at our poor little submarine.
And if you prove there wasn't a gun,
The funnel most certainly looked like one."

THE Women's Organisations of Cologne have petitioned the Military Governor to make it a misdemeanour for women to dress in the latest fashions from Paris. The fashion in question, it appears, involves a display of the ankle, and the majority of German ladies are not, as it were, built that way. It will be comforting, therefore, to know that that sort of thing is forbidden by law.

THE HUN'S LAMENT

When, having bombed a pig-sty and a stable,
A rick, a rabbit, and a chicken-run,
You scurry home as hard as you are able,
To brag about the things you haven't done—
It makes you pretty blue
To meet a fellow who
Is reckoned bold because he told a bigger
lie than you.

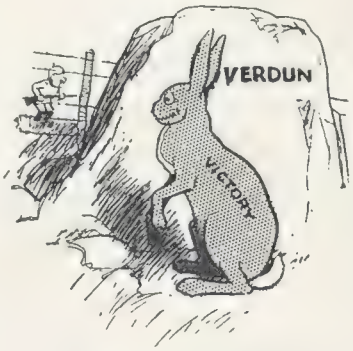
THE view of the Reichstag is that when peace terms come up for discussion Germany must bargain for a real peace, and not one that is merely based upon written documents. But we need no reminder as to the importance Germany attaches to scraps of paper.

A GERMAN politician claims that the Flemish are beset by a positive craving to be allied with the German nation. Those who doubt this claim must remember that it was an Englishman who first asserted that the fox enjoys being hunted.

THE NEW SIN

Pity this most unlucky wight!
He asked somebody for a light,
Forgetting that the latest tax
On matches—whether wood or wax—
Would land him into such disgrace
For begging in a public place.

THE scarcity of coffee in Germany as a consequence of the British blockade is hailed by the Huns as another step towards final victory. Instead of wasting good money on a cup of real coffee they can get hot drinks made from a substitute that is much cheaper. Indeed, it is rumoured that the Allies are getting ready to put the Huns in hot water free of charge.



FIRST CATCH YOUR HARE

He rolled the paste to make the pie;
He lit the fire to bake it by;
He made the oven nice and hot,
But one small thing he quite forgot.
When Willie went to catch his hare,
He couldn't find it anywhere.

MR. J. N. RAPHAEL proposes that neutrals visiting the countries of the *Entente* Alliance should be taxed on arrival. Germany will see in this proposal another attempt on the part of Perfidious England to frighten neutrals into the war.

FOR the first time within living memory a number of rooks have descended on Temple Gardens and have ousted the pigeons domiciled there. But, then, it is notorious that "rooks" have always victimised the "pigeons."

ADDLED

It took this eagle forty years
To lay the egg which here appears.
The eagle hoped to hatch it out
Within a week, or thereabout.
Readers, your sympathy we beg
For William's addled Easter egg.

ONCE more the Allies have expressed their confidence in final victory for the *Entente*. On the face of it, it really looks as if we cannot lose this war. We have tried so many times.

THE Clyde strike is ended. Judging by the temper of the public the strikers found they ran a risk of being struck themselves, and they didn't think it was good enough.

The Bystander in PARIS

THE CHER MAÎTRE

BY JOHN N. RAPHAEL

I AM the cher maître, je, moi qui vous parle, me, the Bystander in Paris. It all happened this way. The Fresh Arrival was complaining bitterly that Mi-carême (which he pronounced as though it were an Irishman) in Paris was not Mi-carême at all this year. I suppose he expected to find the boulevards in a haze of confetti as usual, forgetting that the only confetti possible at all this year has been the uncomfortable kind in use at the Front. But he said it wasn't altogether that.

"The call-boy's name is Henri"

✲

HE said he wanted to be cheered up. He wanted to see something, or do something, or be something that none but Parisians do, or see, or are. He wanted, he said, to lead a *qu'est-ce que vous voulez que je vous dise moi!* existence for an hour or two, and write home and tell the boys about it. Alors? So I took him to see me being an author.

✲

I SUGGESTED *Potash and Perlmutter*, and he said he would rather have whiskey and Perrier. Having treated this remark with the contempt it deserved (and him to the whiskey and Perrier) we clattered along a dark passage, climbed downstairs and upstairs, splashed through swing doors, and arrived on the stage of the Bouffes Parisiens. Because a gentleman named Moncharmont having acquired the "privilege" of *Potash and Perlmutter* for the French stage asked me to adapt it into French. Ay slar say slar!

✲

IN consequence, the Fresh Arrival walked as to the manner born on to the stage of the Bouffes Parisiens, was introduced to Max Dearly Potash and Perlmutter Arquillère, received a beaming from pretty Madeleine Carlier with the copper-coloured hair, and began being talked to in English by Max and the call-boy.

✲

THE call-boy's name is Henri, and he plays the leading rôle in the French *Potash and Perlmutter*, or, at all events, thinks he does. He opens the play with a whistling solo, says "Yes" in English, and one or two other things which I dare not repeat, because I am sure he learned them from a British soldierman, and neither the cher maître nor anyone else in the theatre gets a look in with the ladies of the cast until Henri is tired. "Come and sit in the Punch and Judy," said Max to the Fresh Arrival. This, which is called the Guignol in French, is a little three-sided box built out from the stage and closed in so that we don't see the empty theatre and get depressed or influenza. And rehearsal began.

"The animated conversation being carried on in low tones between a fat gentleman and a slim gentleman was the play"

"I suggested 'Potash and Perlmutter,' and he said he would rather have whiskey and Perrier"

✲

BUT you don't want me to tell you about *Potash et Perlmutter*, do you? It's the rehearsal you want to hear about. "Why doesn't somebody begin?" said

(Continued on page 112)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded from page 111)

the Fresh Arrival. He has no experience of the French stage, bless his heart, and he didn't realise

"Henri quite upset the leading lady by the desperate earnestness of his lovemaking"

that the animated conversation being carried on in low tones between a fat gentleman and a slim gentleman *was* the play. "They look as they were talking quite naturally," he remarked. "This is Paris," said I, "and a first-class company." And then somebody said "dirty veal!" to someone else, and explained that he didn't really mean sale veau, but "it is worth it"—"Ça le vaut." And the Fresh Arrival only stopped giggling to ask why nobody laughed. I explained that we were in the habit of hearing this remark at least twice every afternoon and twice every evening every day of our lives, and that it had lost its freshness for us.

❋

And then Henri remarked something with his thumb to the stage-manager, and the stage-manager said that the cher maître was wanted at the telephone. "Why did you let them go on without you?" asked the Fresh Arrival when I came back. It was, perhaps, not quite polite of me, but I retorted that I would introduce him to the girls as soon as rehearsal was over. They had no time now, I said. You never saw such a fellow for asking questions as the Fresh Arrival is. War may be war, dontcherknow, but human nature is human nature, and what is rehearsal for, je vous le demande, if minor members of the cast (members with a little italic "f" in the dictionary, savvy) may not display their new dresses to the envious eyes of the mere principals, who are still wearing last year's?

❋

So the Fresh Arrival wanted to know why those girls walked about with their hands in their pockets? I explained that I thought they were probably tired of putting them into ours, but I don't know whether that was the right answer. Anyhow, little hands *are* being worn in—may I say "trouser" pockets, or should they be called skirt pockets?—nowadays, and skirts were as short at rehearsal and things generally as happy as the war is long.

❋

I hope some of you will come over and see Max Dearly as Potash. It is worth the journey only to hear him say the Yiddish word "chrutspe." I don't think that's at all the way you really spell it (Max Dearly says you don't spell it, you spit it,) but although he calls it rollmops now, and says that's the nearest he can get to it he has promised me that on the first Friday night all will be well. Then the chers confrères came in and made little double-edged remarks about the play, and the stage-manager *would* call me cher maître, though every time he did it somebody grinned. And the ladies in the minor parts went off on urgent private affairs just before they were needed to think on the stage, and Henri played Potash or Perlmutter, or a dressmaker's mannequin, or Boris, or the detective, or any part that was wanted without a moment's hesitation and knew the lines, and quite upset the leading lady by the desperate earnestness of his love-making, and the stage carpenters asked us not to make such a noise rehearsing because they couldn't hear themselves hammer.

❋

"Well," I said, as we left, "are you going to write home about it?" The Fresh Arrival winked. "I'm not quite sure of that yet," he said, "but I'm going to take that dear and dainty little Mademoiselle Myriam, who plays the typist's part, out to dinner to-morrow, if she'll let me." "We rehearse at eight to-morrow," I remarked. "*She* won't if I can help it," said the Fresh Arrival. He's too fresh. John N. Raphael

"The stage carpenters asked us not to make such a noise rehearsing because they couldn't hear themselves hammer"

Military Misfits

How is it that recruits are almost invariably given work which is the exact opposite of the kind that they were accustomed to in Peace-time ?

The Mac

A BELGIAN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION

hine Gun

OF THE STRUGGLE FOR VERDUN

BY LEON DE SMET

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

Finance at the Royalty and Fun at the Prince of Wales's

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"DISRAELI"
At the Royalty Theatre

THIS is a play that will be particularly pleasing to those who are of middle-age, for they will certainly like to be reminded that even in their day there were a few smart people about. There is no doubt about the period because it is labelled 1875, and collateral evidence is supplied by the costumes of the performers, the ladies having to give their ample skirts a liberal shake before they can venture to sit down in them. I have never learned the reason for this peculiarity, and I hope it will be clearly understood that I am not asking now.

"MR. MANHATTAN" IN PLEASANT COMPANY
In the musical play of that name at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

THE central figure of the piece is "Dizzy" (Mr. Dennis Eadie), who is represented at the time at which he was negotiating for the purchase of the Suez Canal. Another bidder for the goods was our old friend Bismarck, who, with the characteristic national thoroughness, has employed spies to find out what steps England is taking with regard to the famous deal. The chief spy is a lady of foreign extraction with the very British name of Travers, and she is represented quite brilliantly by Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat.

DISRAELI'S first difficulty is with the Bank of England. He wants to borrow a trifle of three millions sterling on his note of hand, or something of that sort; and the Governor of the Bank, with his usual sordid reluctance to hand out any of his vast hoards of cash, declines to make the advance without the sanction of Parliament. But Parliament is not sitting, and if Disraeli does not close on the deal at once, Bismarck will offer another shilling or two over his head, and acquire the goods. Disraeli, therefore, proposes to show the Bank of England that it is not the only pebble on the beach. After all, the Bank's arrogance arises solely from the fact that it has money; and, if it comes to that, I once had some money myself. I can remember the occasion through the long years distinctly.

DIZZY finds a confiding friend, also in the banking trade, who is quite ready to lend three millions as a personal favour. His bullion is mostly locked up in Frankfort, but he can send a postcard ordering that it shall be shipped to London, and in the meanwhile he draws a cheque for the comfortable little sum required. This is where the spies get busy. Dizzy thinks he has them well in hand; but the reverse is the case. He sends his secretary to Egypt with the three-million cheque, and in due course a code telegram is received intimating that the purchase has been effected. About this time Dizzy catches the fair Mrs. Travers trying to steal the code in order that she may decipher the telegram, which is also in her possession. In a very pretty and graceful scene, Dizzy begs the dear lady to sit beside him on a settee. He takes her gloved hand and admires its beauty, and then he digs his finger unexpectedly inside the glove and recovers the stolen code, and begs the lady to give up this light-fingered industry for the future. This scene is quite exciting.

BUT there is more of it. Just as Dizzy is, as it were, throwing up his hat at the completion of the coveted purchase, the confiding financier totters into the room and deeply regrets to say that he is a ruined man. Just that. It seems that the spies had got wind of his cheque, and with the help of their friend Bismarck they have delayed the export of the financier's gold. The result of this astute move will be that when the Khedive, who sold the Suez Canal shares, pays his cheque into his private bank it will be returned with the usual abrupt comment—refer to drawer. And then, of course, someone will say something sarcastic. It is a pretty complication, and an extremely interesting one as well. Dizzy gets over the difficulty by summoning

(Continued on page 118)

A Premier of the Past

The new play, "Disraeli," at the Royalty is not concerned so much with politics as with the personal adventures of "Dizzy" during his negotiations for the purchase of the Suez Canal shares. It is an exciting and well-acted piece

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded from page* 116)

the Governor of the Bank of England once more to his presence, and repeating his request for the three millions now required to honour the confiding financier's cheque. When the Governor refuses to advance a single shilling, Dizzy calmly threatens to withdraw the Bank's charter and to push the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street down on her uppers, as you might say. It is, he admits, the merest bluff, but the green and simple Governor swallows it easily.

❋

"MR. MANHATTAN"
At the Prince of Wales's Theatre

THE title of this sparkling entertainment suggests an American origin, but it is really quite English with the exception of Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, a comedian from the other side, who has won instantaneous popularity. From the moment of his first appearance with his cheery greeting, "How do, England?" Mr. Hitchcock holds the audience with a continuous round of quiet fun. He has all the quaintness of the usual American comedian, with the unassertive manner of the successful humorist. There are other distinguished comedians in the piece, all of whom help the gaily inconsequential proceedings along briskly. There is Mr. Frederick Volpé, for instance, as an unctuous family solicitor, sternly rebuking frivolity in public, and positively one of the boys when the coast is clear. An excellent turn is provided by Mr. Robert Cunningham as an operatic star, Ugo Casaro. Mr. Cunningham gives a very competent burlesque of a popular Covent Garden tenor, and incidentally reveals the fact that he, too, possesses a voice of exceptional quality. Then there is Mr. George Barrett as Mr. Manhattan's man, a host in himself. The chorus includes the usual number of pretty and lively girls, and the entertainment from first to last is as fresh and amusing as the most exacting could desire. JINGLE

Camera Portrait] MISS HOPE LE STRANGE [*E. O. Hoppé*

Who will appear with Mr. Seymour Hicks' Company in "Broadway Jones" on Easter Monday at the London Opera House

She Descends to Conquer

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS MARGOT KELLY

The charming young Irish actress who plays the part of "Mimette," the heroine of Mr. Stanley Cooke's new farce "The Girl From Upstairs," which was "submitted" at the Strand Theatre last Saturday. Miss Kelly has already been seen to advantage in small parts, but this is the first piece in which she has played lead in London

Corresponding with the Enemy

A FEW KIND WORDS TO THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR

My Dear von Bethmann-Hollweg,

I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in addressing myself to you, but I write as total strangers sometimes write to me saying that they have seen my advertisements for so long that they feel we must be old friends. I have just been reading your speech on Peace, and as this is a subject of the greatest interest to us all just now, I could not help writing to you to point out the one or two directions in which, in my humble opinion, you have—if I may say so—slipped up rather badly.

❋ ❋

Will you forgive me if I confess that your attitude in this matter seems to me to be self-contradictory? You protest that you want Peace, and then you go on to say in effect that you will smash the heads of those who desire Peace on other terms than your own. Don't you remember the story—there is a German version of it, I know—about the meek husband who was asked whether he and his wife agreed together, and who replied, "Oh, yes; I agree!" Your difficulty in this present instance is that you are not dealing with particularly meek people, but with those who think their terms of Peace are as likely as your own, and are not afraid to mention the fact.

❋ ❋

I notice that you object to a comparison of Germans with Huns. It would be presumption on my part if I were to remind you of the exalted source of that comparison. Permit me next to quote from the published report of your speech: "Can it be that the people which has so enriched the world with spiritual possessions, and for forty-four years was the most peace-loving of nations, has changed in a night into a people of barbarians and Huns?" My *dear* Sir! At what time during the last forty-four years has Germany given the world any spiritual help? Is it not the fact that the spiritual gifts for which we are indebted to Germany ceased being manufactured precisely forty-four years ago? The changing of Germany from one of the noblest nations of Europe to a community of Huns was not the affair of "a night," but of just—forty-four years. Even a Prussian must have time to make beasts of men.

❋ ❋

And is it not the fact, dear friend (if I may call you so) that during all those long years of "peace," Germany, under the guidance of Prussia, was steadily and stealthily perfecting her wonderful organisation of espionage and potential revolution in the heart of friendly nations with the simple purpose of making red trouble everywhere as soon as the dogs of war had slipped the leash, on the word from Berlin? Come, my dear von Bethmann-Hollweg, when we talk of "Peace" we ought, like most friendly debaters, to commence with an explicit definition of terms. Don't you think so?

❋ ❋

I notice that you complain in rather heated language of the British blockade as being against the law of nations because it results in the starving of German women and children. Isn't this discovery of yours a little late in the day? You and I are both old enough to remember the siege of Paris in 1871, when the Germans not only starved women and children as a matter of military necessity, but shelled hospitals full of wounded soldiers for the same nebulous reason. I was in Paris shortly afterwards, and they showed me some of the havoc made by the shells. You may have seen it yourself.

EAGLE?—OR TARANTULA?

❋ ❋

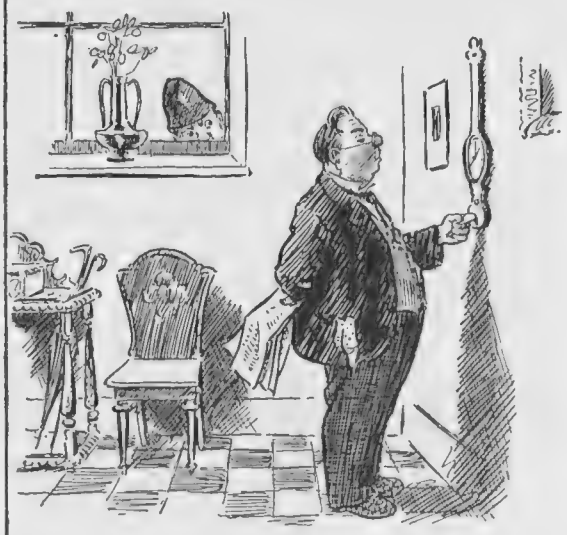
You probably remember, or have been told, how Bismarck made "peace" about that time. The conference was conducted in French, a language that poor old Otto never managed to speak with anything like fluency. When the French delegates demurred to his terms he—not being a man of breeding like yourself — shouted at them with an oath: "Will you sign my terms, or shall I speak in German?" And then, as now, my dear Chancellor, "speaking in German" meant the wholesale murder of inoffensive civilians, whose only crime was their nationality. I mean, when it comes to the question of a breach of international law the precedents are (if you will forgive my mentioning it) rather tiresomely personal to yourself.

❋ ❋

Finally, my dear von Bethmann-Hollweg, about your complaint that owing to circumstances you cannot control women and children are being starved in Germany. Would it be impolite of me to suggest that your inability to look after those entrusted to your care premises that you are occupying the job of a better man than yourself? In effect, if you desire Peace and yet cannot appreciate the very reasonable terms of Herr Asquith, is it not possible that some other German gentleman could do so if he had the chance? The word is with you, Sir.

Arnold Golsworthy

Stopping the Leakage



Impending arrest of "undesirable" found manipulating barometer

Removal of mechanism for discovering the direction of air currents

Arrest of poet found writing a description of a sunset

Seizure of seaweed from suspects on account of its weather forecasting properties

Peacocks (whose cries portend rain) being captured for internment beyond earshot of unauthorised persons

"Special" detecting employment of moistened finger to obtain information of wind direction

What we may expect if the authorities find that their prohibition of meteorological reports in the Press is inadequate to prevent the enemy from obtaining the knowledge of the weather conditions over our islands, which is so essential to the carrying out of air raids

[We are told by the papers that, in spite of the precautions taken to prevent weather intelligence from reaching the enemy, they have been able to find out the general conditions, and it is suspected that agents on this side supply them with simple data]

Books of the Week

SOME BALKAN VIGNETTES

"The Luck of Thirteen"

In an atmosphere of sustained tragedy it is good to be able to keep one's sense of humour untouched. When Mr. and Mrs. Jan Gordon left their Paris studio to do Red Cross work in Serbia they doubtless provided themselves with all those "necessities" which the handbooks and staff officials love to draw up in lists. It is possible, however, that their sense of humour carried them further than anything else. Their lurid adventures are picturesquely described in *The Luck of Thirteen* (Smith, Elder: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), a book which must be classed with the more intimate studies of warfare, even though Mr. Gordon killed no more than a badly hurt horse and his wife worked one machine-gun only on a special occasion.

Serbian Difficulties

For here in this delightful book you have a picture of ill-fated Serbia and her smaller neighbour. You hear of the Gordons traversing Montenegro after much hospital work, and of their being on the spot when the Germano-Bulgar invasion took place. How on earth anybody ever got away safely to the coast is difficult to understand, but under the able direction of Mr. Gordon and his wife, this little English party of thirteen managed to do it, and their good luck accompanied them as far as friendly Brindisi, for they saw an Austrian periscope in the Adriatic, and their port of embarkation was bombarded two days after their departure.

Those Uncomfortable Balkans

In this country we never used to trouble very much about the small States in the south-eastern corner of Europe. In peace time they were occasionally "rather a nuisance" in the view of the man in the street, but there was the end of the matter. Things are different nowadays, and a new and pathetic interest in these unfortunate countries has arisen. It is opportune, therefore, that a book like *The Luck of Thirteen* comes to hand at this moment — cheery, alive, admirably illustrated. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon are to be congratulated on their joint effort.

King Fox

Another sort of insight into the Balkan darkness may be obtained from *Ferdinand of Bulgaria: The Amazing Career of a Shoddy Czar* (Melrose: 2*s.* net), by the author of *The Real Kaiser*. The writer is very well informed. You lay down his book with a strong feeling of disgust. It is unpleasant to think that such a pestiferous princeling as Ferdinand should be in a position to wield even such power as he does. Everything about him—his nose, his scents, his crookedness—repels. And the ignoble part which he has played in the present war—how ignoble, the author tells us, can only appear when the time comes for the publication of certain State documents—must surely arouse the indignation of even a conscientious objector. As a simple story of villainy, it would be hard to beat Ferdinand's career. The author manages to make his short biography of this mock-hero exceedingly interesting, and tears to pieces the fatuous eulogies of his few predecessors in the most satisfactory manner. The caricature of King Fox on the cover, by the way, is one of Will Dyson's greatest successes.

"The Man who Dined with the Kaiser"

Newspaper scoops in the present war have been very few and far between; but there can be no doubt that the *Daily Mail* scored heavily when it was able to give its readers a detailed description of that historical banquet at Nish, when the Kaiser sat next to Ferdinand and, between his coughs, tried to be pleasant. The writer of that description will go down to history as "The Man Who Dined with the Kaiser." At present his identity remains an enigma. In *My Secret Service* (Jenkins: 2*s.* net) he supplements his account of the banquet. Here we see him as a journalist overcoming difficulties which must have roused the envy of many of his colleagues. True, during his journeys through enemy countries he was provided with documents which most journalists are unable to obtain, and these documents seem to have opened all doors to him; and, moreover, he belongs to a neutral nation, but these facts do not detract from the interest of his book. He saw things about which most of us are keen to hear the truth. He interviewed Enver. He travelled on the Balkan express and managed to retain his ticket—a difficult business. Whoever he is, he has proved himself to be an efficient journalist, and *My Secret Service* is a fascinating and all-too-short narrative, to which one may hope there will one day be a sequel.

"The Douglas Romance"

Mr. Douglas Sladen plays a double trick on the readers of his new novel. He dubs it *The Douglas Romance* (Hutchinson: 6*s.*), which sounds historical, and he writes a preface about the various branches of the great Douglas family, which surely prepares you for some old Scottish tale of two centuries ago. In reality his story concerns the war and the theatre of to-day. At least, however, it is indisputably a romance. Things happen in its pages as they rarely do in real life. You have the young "King of Musical Comedy" marrying a newly discovered principal girl under the oddest conditions. You have the young husband obtaining a commission in the R.G.A. and incidentally the V.C. You have his rival, Lord Avondale, a Guardsman of Ouida-like proportions and beauty, dying in France, and you have the principal girl turning out to be the future Countess of Douglas in her own right. It sounds far-fetched, but Mr. Sladen is an old hand at the game. He may write rather naïvely, but he gives you good descriptions of the war, and you have his word for it that the theatrical scenes are correct.

R. S.

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Sweden's Conscientious Objectors

BY THE BYSTANDER IN STOCKHOLM

FOREIGN Minister Wallenberg is thinking of declaring war on England.

This is a lie; but, patriot as the Stockholm Bystander is, he holds that Foreign Minister Wallenberg would have a good excuse. This conclusion is reached after a stroll down the Strandvägen (the Flirts' Alley). All the beautiful, ornamental lieutenants in flowing blue tunics (Cavaliers de la Garde), or in hateful German spiked helmets (Svea Life Guards) were looking blue; and the blue-eyed maids had tears in their blue eyes and could not wink. The reason was that Sweden is assailed by a fierce "Don't Want to Fight" virus, and it has led to indiscipline, arrests, trials, and even one case of shooting. Worst of all, it threatens the careers of the blue-tunicked lieutenants and the amourettes of the blue-eyed maids.

❋

THE first act of the tragedy was Boden. Boden is near the Arctic Circle, at a railway junction which points to Narvik, the Norwegian port which the wicked Muscovite (Sven Hedin says) wants to seize. Boden is Sweden's Verdun-Metz-Przemysl-Brest Litovsk. It is the shrine of Fortification Science and Militarism. In Boden first the Don't-Want-to-Fight snake set foot (as Cork men say). The garrison is part Socialist; the Socialist warriors go to Don't-Want-to-Fight meetings; and listen to phillipics against Militarism in best Asquith style. Some warriors get leave by saying they are going to dance; and they come back with their heads primed with oratory against the Army.

❋

LAST Christmas, Stockholm's Butchers (*i.e.*, the mild *bourgeois* Cabinet) took fright; and sent General Uggla, and General Jungstedt, and Colonel Hasselrot, and other stern soldiers to inquire and report. The reports caused panic. Boden, they said, is a sort of Zabern; its whole population is anti-militarist; when soldiers appear, things and epithets (both unclean) are hurled at them; they are seized by the sleeve and told to obey orders only of Pacifist sergeants. And innocent youths of nineteen, who have not begun service, are approached by Don't-Want-to-Fight emissaries, and counselled to shirk. Discipline suffers; the Fatherland is in danger; steps must be taken.

❋

JUST as Militarism begets Anti-Militarism, so Anti-Militarism begets Militarism. The Generals demand stringent Prussian laws; one General wants a state of siege proclaimed; another demands "that soldiers shall always carry side-arms"—a mild Swedish way of saying: "If you're called a 'Stockholm Butcher' prove that you're one." And lately at Skutsskär a fiery Sergeant Larsson was insulted. He emptied his revolver into the insulter's stout tummy. Over this there is a row; but Boden is quiet. Stockholm's Anti-M.'s held a giant meeting; and voted for a General Strike if the Army is mobilised.

❋

THE Don't-Want-to-Fight business dates from 1914. For decades before that, Army Increase was Sweden's great question. Five months before the war began, 30,000 Do-Want-to-Fight peasants marched to King Gustav's Palace; and expressed their "readiness for service and self-sacrifice." Anti-Militarist Staaff fell; and Premier Hammarskjöld succeeded. When war began, Staaff abandoned his opposition to Army Increase; and now Swedes must serve a whole year. Having failed to outvote the Army Bill, the Socialists have tried to undermine the Army with some success

❋

I WENT to an Anti-Mil. Congress in Södermalm. Speakers said the King was a bad man, M. Hammarskjöld a worse man, and the other Stockholm Butchers still worse men. Twenty long-necked youths vowed that they would not serve or sanction war preparations. Not against Russia, not against Germany, not even against England. Then said a certain M. Almquist:

"But if war comes will you fight?"

"Oh, that's a different thing,' said the long-necked youths. "Of course, in case of war. . . ."

❋

SWEDEN'S Anti-M.'s, in fact, are nobler than Britain's. They may not be logical, for no one wants them to fight if there's no war.

FIRST-HAND EVIDENCE OF FRIGHTFULNESS

Members of the Rouman an Mission to France (which took place concurrently with the Allies' Conference in Paris) inspecting the shattered portions of Reims Cathedral

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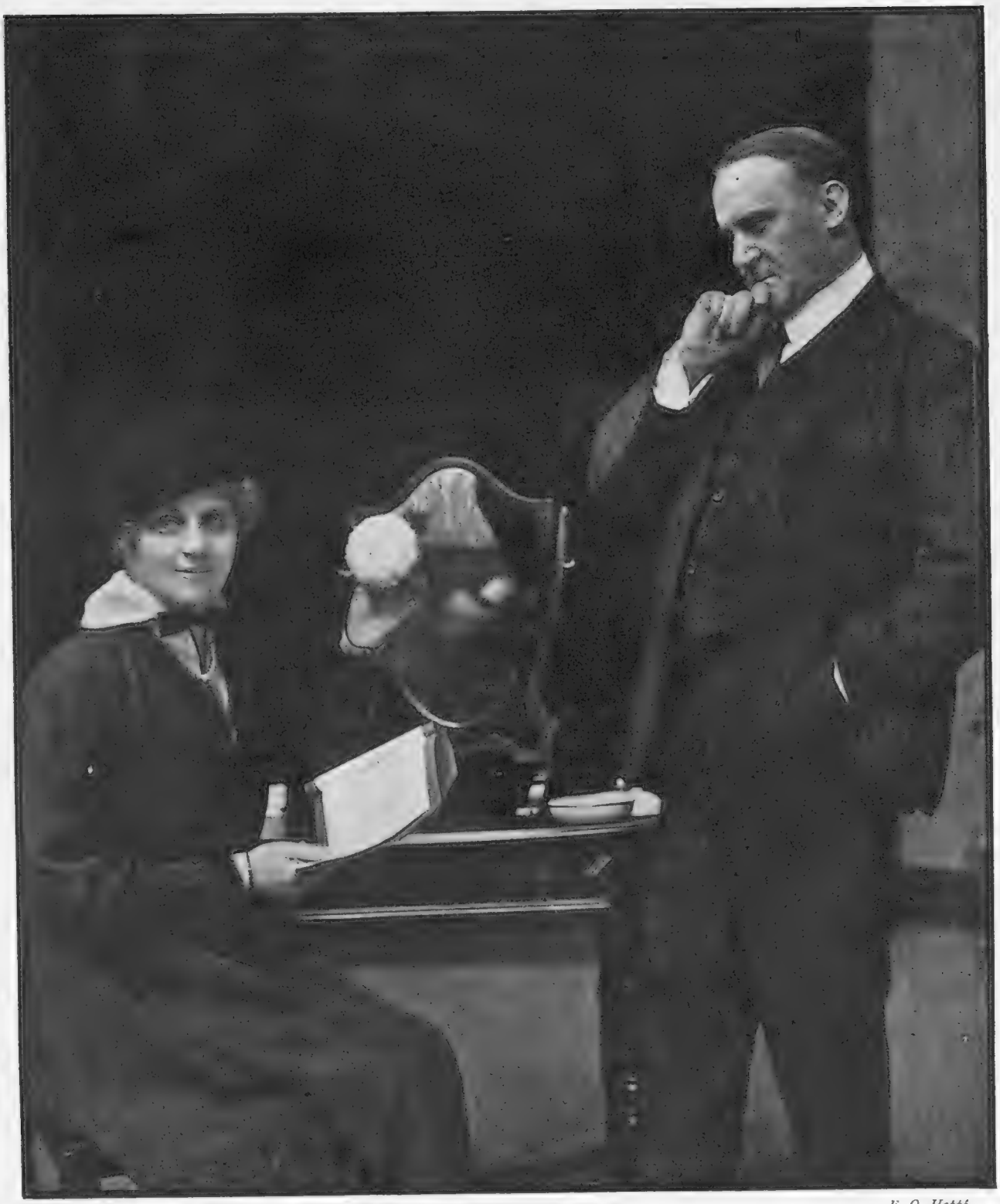
"Kitty Grey" Rediviva

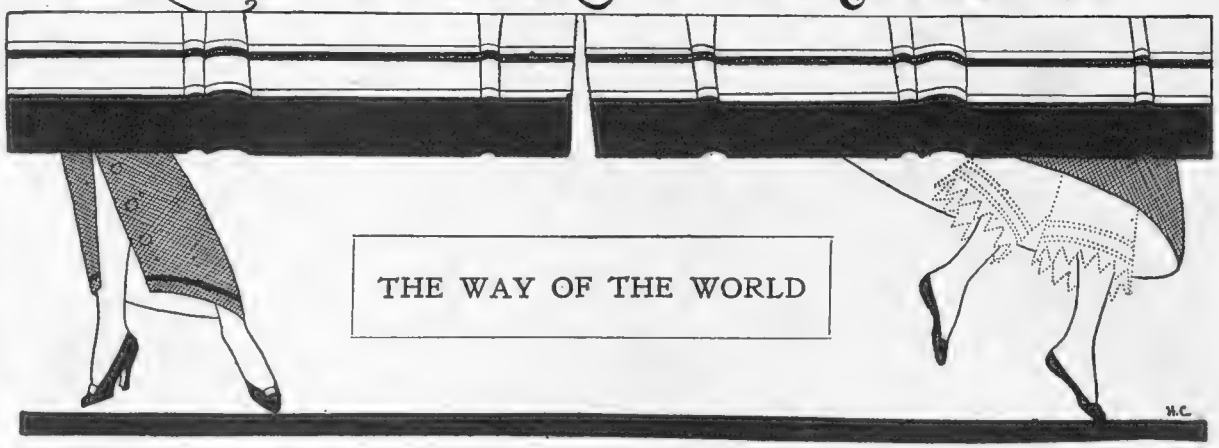


Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

LADY ROTHERMERE AND MR. G. P. HUNTLEY IN THE DRESSING-ROOM SCENE OF "KITTY GREY"

In which they will appear at the Special Matinée on May 9 in aid of the Serbian Relief Fund at Drury Lane. Lady Rothermere was formerly Lady Harmsworth, and is the wife of the brother of Lord Northcliffe, himself also a successful newspaper proprietor. The Scene in which she appears with Mr. Huntley was one at which all London rocked with laughter in the early "tens"

The Vision Feminine



BY "EFEMERA". *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

I HAVE often wondered why human nature should be so constituted that we are never satisfied with things as they are. Most people, however sincerely they may deny the imputation, go about obsessed with the idea that anything different would be better than what they happen to possess—noses, for instance, or husbands, or incomes, or dressmakers. Of course, there are a few persons (who does not know and detest them?) so entirely convinced of the excellence of themselves and all that is theirs that nothing can disturb their serenity. Fortunately their number is limited or murder would be more frequent than it is, and quite justifiable, too.

❀ ❀

How dull life would be if one were never able to envy anybody or covet anything! Envy is a highly moral vice, for it implies the virtue of humility. For instance, no one could accuse me of pride, vainglory and hypocrisy when, surveying my face in the glass in the early morning, I covet bitterly Jane's hair, Mary's nose, and Eliza's complexion, or, in fact, long for any features other than those with which nature has endowed me.

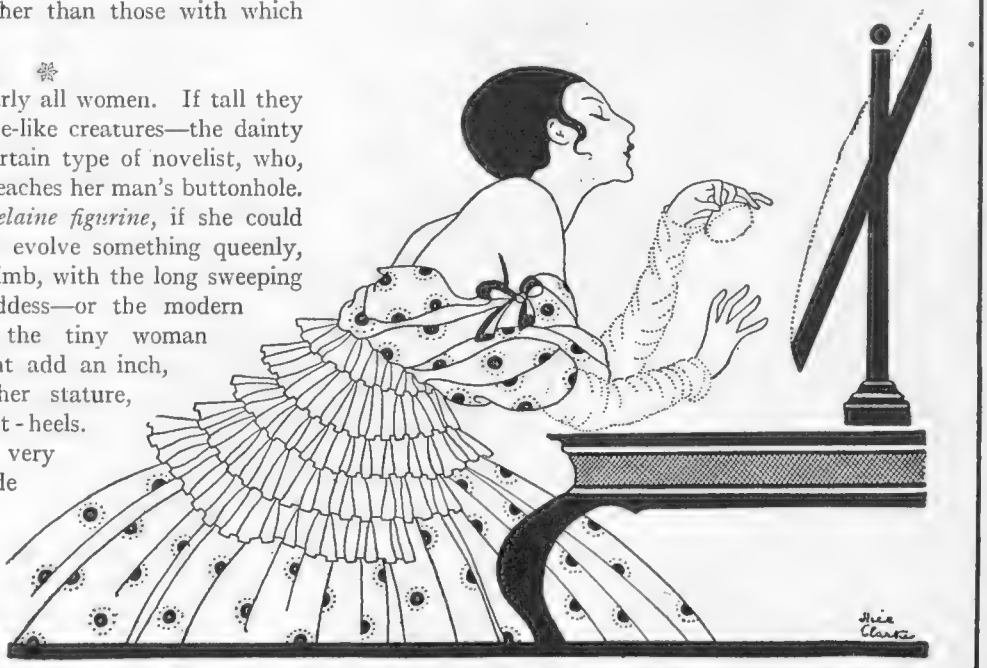
❀ ❀

IT is the same with nearly all women. If tall they long to be little, sprite-like creatures—the dainty little girl beloved of a certain type of novelist, who, standing on tip-toe, just reaches her man's buttonhole. And, of course, the *porcelaine figurine*, if she could make herself over, would evolve something queenly, amazing as to length of limb, with the long sweeping stride of the Greek goddess—or the modern athletic girl. And as the tiny woman cannot by taking thought add an inch, much less a cubit, to her stature, she adds it to her boot-heels. Fortunately for her, very high heels and a stride are incompatible. In any case, the eighteenth century version of Olympus is preferable in modern garb to the original—at least, from the onlooker's point of view. We may win back to buxomness in due course, but that time is not yet.

❀ ❀

As a matter of fact, the only exception to the rule for longing for one's opposite is precisely the question of plumpness. Any number of women not only pine to be thin, but work like Dutch niggers to get rid of a superfluous stone or so, but who of the present day and generation is acquainted with any female whose ambition it is to be fat? The last generation spoke openly of the "fine woman"—indeed, it appears to have admired her—but now the very name has become anathema. What more deadly insult than to be called a "fine woman"? I am sure that one could bring action for libel and collect handsome damages on the strength of it—that is if the judge happened to be a married man. The full horror of the situation might escape a bachelor. It is in a case like this that a female jury would be really useful.

(Continued on page 130)



"Surveying my face in the glass in the morning"

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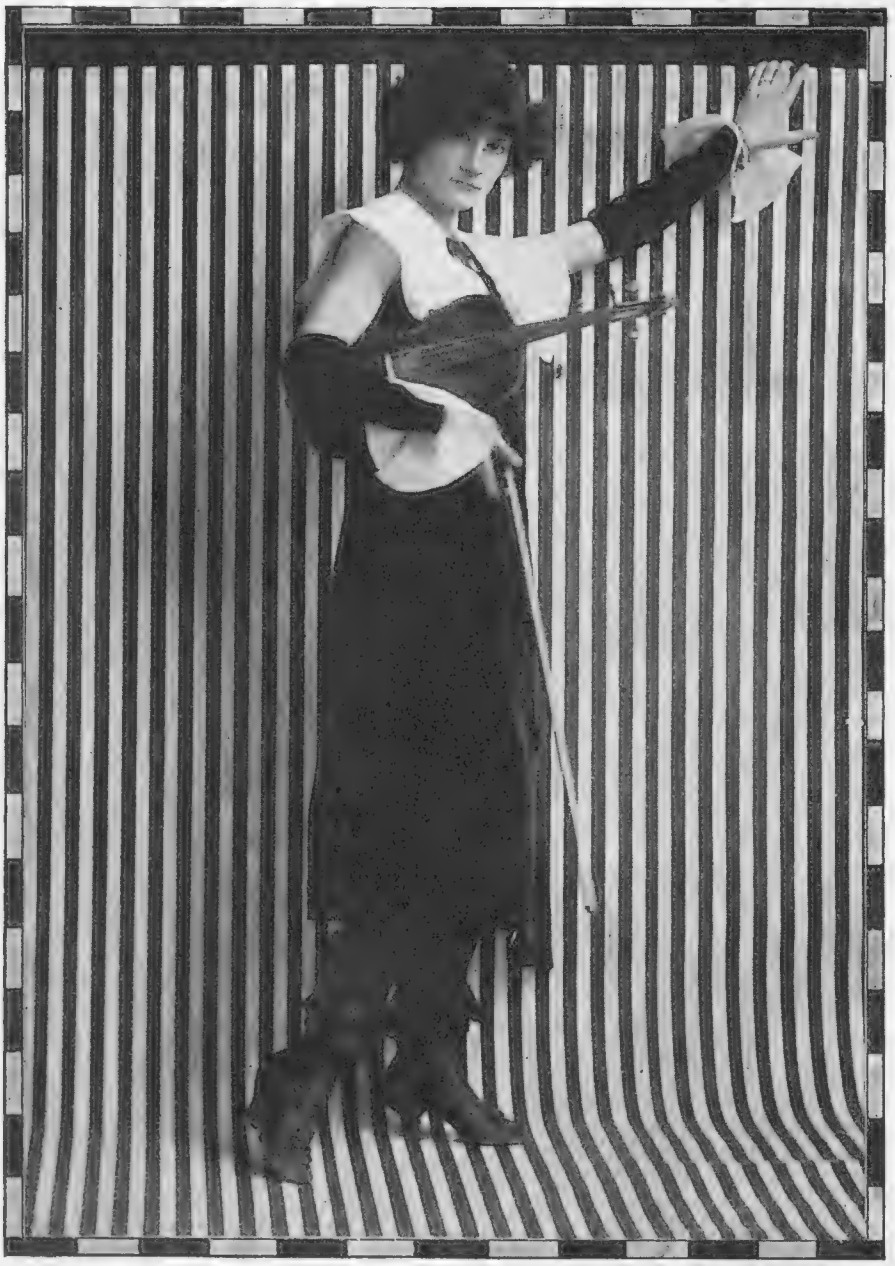
THE VISION FEMININE (*concluded from page* 128)

BY-THE-BYE, I wonder how we are going to reconcile our slim ideal with the propaganda for a return to "womanliness"? We cultivate thinness for its own sake and ours, because a slight outline pleases us æsthetically, and also because it is an evidence of individual preference, the triumph, if I may say so, of speed over mere comfort. Now the "womanly woman," being constructed for practical purposes, has always been a well-nourished type. I always picture Andromache, Cornelia, and the usual "womanly" model as persons of matronly and fairly abundant curves, nice cushiony women with no bones showing anywhere. Cleopatra, of course, could not have been plump, or Jezebel, or Messalina, or Jeanne d'Arc, or any modern heroine of individualistic tendencies.

THE question seems to be: shall we be thin and a satisfaction to ourselves or robust and a womanly comfort to others? And yet if to be clinging is a womanly characteristic, it would seem, on the face of it, easier for a thin person to cling than for a plump one—certainly it would be easier for the clingee. But the traditional advantage of the problem feminine is the absence of complete logic. Perhaps we shall find it possible to be womanly and yet keep our slim outlines—or such of them as remain visible with the adoption of the crinoline.

AS a matter of fact, our outlines are apt to be less invisible than one would suppose from mere contemplation of fashion plates. Whale-boned skirts have a way of tilting and swaying, particularly in a high wind or when the wearer sits unadvisedly in a low arm-chair. . . . And here is another example of our love of opposites. For years we wore narrow skirts, and in spite of ridicule and moral admonitions we made them narrower and narrower, and slit them up fore and aft, and told each other how lovely and comfortable and hygienic they were, and stoutly maintained that we would never, no never, go back to the old voluminous horrors—and then quite suddenly the tight skirt disappeared. However, there is little cause for rejoicing to the moralist in the change. As I have already pointed out, it is really far easier to be conspicuous in the crinoline than in the hobble skirt, for suggestion is far more dangerous than frank display. We had display, and from it we rushed to suggestion—it is the way of the world.



Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MISS ODETTE MYRTIL

Until last week one of the bright particular stars of the Coliseum, who is to play a leading part in the new revue, *The Bing Boys are Here*, which is to be produced at the Alhambra Theatre this (Wednesday) evening

AND not only in frivolous things such as dress and the curves of the figure (or the lack of them). Even unimaginative and disciplined people like the Germans illustrate the point. They had peace and they wanted war. They led a civilised and well-regulated existence, and then burst into "frightfulness," horrors and atrocities. Now, I believe, with the war for which they clamoured in full swing, they are beginning to change their minds and long for peace. But there is one thing they have yet to learn: the moral of the story. If you want a change you have to pay for it somehow. You can't, as Mrs. Malaprop might have said, burn your candle at both ends and eat it in the middle without being singed. For every desire you gain you must lose something. EFEMERA

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Matters Musical

SINGING SONGS FOR SOLDIERS

ABOUT the musical entertainments given to our wounded soldiers everybody seems to be entitled to have an opinion except the musician. I suppose that is natural enough in a way, because such entertainments come under the head of charity rather than art. But still the musician may claim to be heard occasionally—especially when the interests of musician and audience begin to overlap. And in a good many cases that is what is happening to-day.

⁂ ⁂

THE witty warrior who remarked a few weeks ago that the war would be tolerable but for the amusements of convalescence may have exaggerated matters, but there is something in his epigram. Why should every young woman-amateur, talented or not, be privileged to experiment on helpless convalescents too weak or merely too polite to complain? Sister Susie, in fact, has given up sewing shirts for soldiers and is singing songs to them instead—with no better results than before. Only Sister Susie finds the latter occupation more exciting, above all, more flattering to her vanity. She knows the intoxication of applause; she glimpses, if but a moment, the splendours of picture-postcard glory. I'm afraid Sister Susie's is a hopeless case.

⁂ ⁂

BUT there are others. Why on earth should performers who know the difference between good and bad deliberately go and perform the bad "because the poor dears like it so much"? Firstly, people of more experience than myself in these matters are not by any means sure that the "poor dears" do invariably like it so much. Secondly, even if a majority of them does there is certainly a minority that does not; and as performers who know the difference between good and bad are (inevitably) in the minority in any case, they might consider the other minority for a change. The majority will always be amply provided for.

⁂ ⁂

LASTLY, it seems inconceivable to me that a person who *knows* that a particular song is "rot" should bring him or herself to sing it at all. Merely to say that it gives pleasure to the audience is no answer. A great many things (such, for instance, as appearing on the stage and slowly divesting oneself of some superfluous articles of clothing) admittedly give pleasure to audiences. But young women of virtuous morals and modest habits do not, therefore, devote an afternoon a week to gratifying this comparatively harmless pleasure. Only when it comes to the arts and the intellect is the performer expected to have no conscience, no morals, no honesty. We need a little wholesome priggishness for a change. At present, it must be repeated, the silly portion of our wounded public is catered for not only by the silly performer, but by the intelligent performer as well. It is hard lines on any fraction of the public that may chance to be intelligent. For them there is nothing.

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By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

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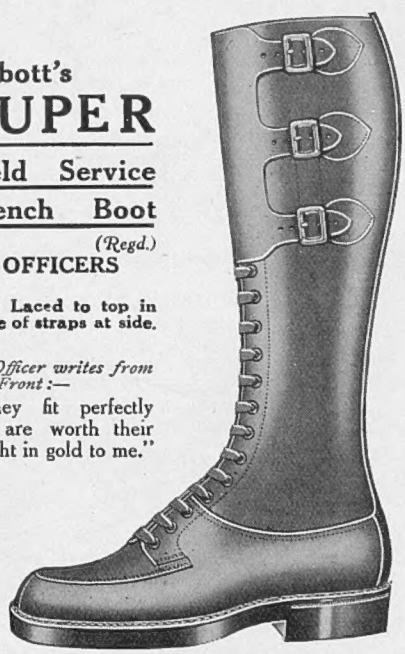

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Affairs of Motoring

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

ONE OF THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

Or rather the approach thereto. A bit of the wonder gets into the picture, the 368ft spire of the Shway Dagon Pagoda, Rangoon. The spire is cased in gold and the vane is set with over 4,600 precious stones. Below is buried a golden casket said to contain four hairs from the head of Buddha. Right in their proper place in the foreground are two Napier cars

Trains v. Cars

STRONG protest was raised against the railway ticket tax and behold it was killed. These were the arguments: The railway prevents overcrowding in town areas. The railway is used by the working people for business purposes almost exclusively. Or it may be used to get out into the country during the Sunday or other time of recreation. This is healthy and good for the State. It makes the workman more efficient in munition production or other labour. Every single argument applies with even greater force to 90 per cent. of present-day motor-car users; but there is no special concern for him. He is a wealthy and bloated person. Alas! poor motorist who bought a car mainly for business, with remainder for recreation; who bought a car to effect an economy, not as an accessory of luxury—alas! my poor brother. You are a wealthy and bloated person. What a pity you are not a match manufacturer. That would give you liberty to strike.

***

Good Done Unawares

IF the German engineers who were responsible for the roads of German East Africa are alive to reflect upon the cussedness of things, they will cuss with the greater earnestness when they hear how their quite excellent roads are assisting the motor vehicles of the little British Army to wipe out the last of Germany's Colonial possessions. Pity those German engineers were not given a chance of doing us ultimate good by making roads in the land of the blessed word which is Mesopotamia. There would have been a different story to tell about Kut. However, reverting to the job Smuts has in hand, and as evidence of the extent to which he is using his motor-cycle machine-guns and motor-cycle despatch riders, the Dunlop Company tell me their South African house has received yet another order for 350 pairs of motor-cycle tyres.

***

The "Republic"

THE "Republic" tyre makes its bow. It is one of the all-rubber non-skid type, having a Staggard tread. Its special claim to consideration is in that same tread which, I am informed, has particularly durable qualities. "After 6,000 miles have been covered very little sign of wear on the tread has been observable." This is fine, and if the performance of the tyre in England lives up to that claim, there is certainly a very healthy and rosy future awaiting it. Six thousand miles before the tread shows more than a little sign of wear means "some tyre," as they say in the land where the "Republic" hails from, and where it has built up a very big reputation. A glad hand to the "Republic" therefore.

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Of Large Importance

THIS is so remarkable a letter that I will put it in practically in its entirety. It is far from being the first tribute to the injury-preventing, life-saving powers of Triplex glass. The air service (for example) has had several causes to rejoice in the fact that it exists in goggle frames. A short time ago I received a testimony to its efficiency from a naval flight lieutenant, a friend of mine, to whom on crossing to the other side, I had presented a pair of Triplex goggles. It was his luck to get a bad toss, finishing up with a pretty considerable nose dive. It put the lad out for a good month; and it would certainly have put his sight out for ever but for those Triplex goggles, which cracked but did not splinter. That is the tremendous virtue of Triplex glass. I remember when it first appeared we fired revolver shots at it at short range, and its powers of resistance were marvellous. It has been used in all manner of ways since. It is being used now, very largely, in this war, in connections which I am not permitted to make public. And it has never yet failed, so far as I know, to vindicate its extraordinary virtues. Therefore I conceive it my business in the interests of the motoring public I can reach, once again to emphasise its importance. Follows the letter (above referred to) from a famous medical man:—

A Testimony

"RECENTLY, a motor-'bus belonging to the L.G.O.C., Ltd., skidded into my landaulette, which was fitted with Triplex glass. Although my car was very seriously damaged, not a piece of glass became detached from any of the five windows or windscreen, in spite of the fact that one was cracked all over. I was flung into the large window in front and stunned, and the window was badly cracked; but owing to the fact that it did not break I was not cut, although the serious disfigurement due to bruising lasted several days. I think it practically certain that if this window had been fitted with ordinary plate glass I should have been fatally injured, as my head must then have been forced through the glass, with the most likely result that the main arteries of my neck would have been severed. Indeed, this very accident and result happened to a doctor in London the week I met with my accident. It may interest you to know that I had Triplex glass fitted to my car after a lady had been brought into my hospital fatally injured by a piece of plate glass which had become detached from the window of her car in a collision."

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Blackmail

IT is reported that drivers of char-à-bancs and other ponderous vehicles are deliberately "laying for" collisions with a view to blackmail. This is likely to happen in Welsh Wales look you. Any suspicion of such an attempt, where the driver has effected a collision and suggests payment by the motorist to prevent prosecution, should be reported to the A.A., when surely to goodness the incipient blackmailer will hear something to his moral if not his material advantage.

IF IT IS FOR AUTOMOBILE LIGHTING there is a C. A. V. Lamp Bulb for every purpose — 40-page illustrated catalogue containing valuable advice on Car Lighting post free to every motorist. — C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Acton, W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines. — Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.